ORIGINAL EC COMICS FROM THE 1950s!

THIS IS NO 3-D MAGAZINE! THIS IS A 2-D...

PANIC

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

NO. 2
JUNE

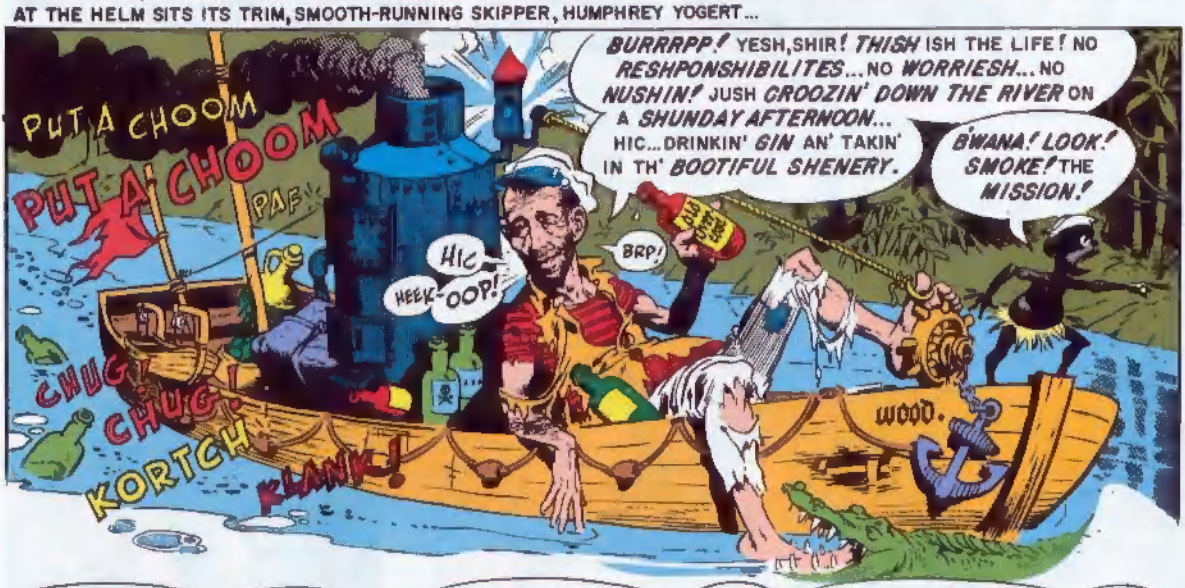
2.50
3.45
CANADA

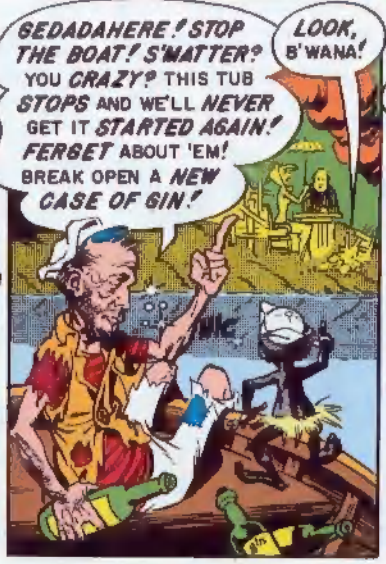
HUMOR IN A VARICOSE VEIN

HIGH ADVENTURE MOVIES DEPT. (ACADAMY AWARD DIVISION): THEY'VE GOT A *NEW SUCCESS FORMULA* IN HOLLYWOOD THESE DAYS. IF THEY WANT TO MAKE A PICTURE ABOUT THE *ARCTIC*, THEY DON'T CLUTTER UP SOME CALIFORNIA LOT WITH *PLASTER ICE-BERGS*. THEY GO *DIRECTLY* TO THE *NORTH POLE* AND *FREEZE* THEIR ASSISTANT DIRECTORS. IF THEY WANT TO MAKE A PICTURE ABOUT A LOST PATROL DYING OF THIRST IN THE *DESERT*, THEY DON'T SPREAD SEVENTEEN TONS OF *SAND* FROM MALIBU BEACH OVER THE SOUND STAGE. THEY PACK OFF TO THE *SAHARA* AND *BAKE* THEIR HAMS. IT WORKS *EVERY TIME*. THIS AUTHENTIC REALISM *STARTED* A COUPLE OF YEARS BACK WHEN SOMEBODY FOUND AN OLD *STANLEY STEAMER BOILER*, BUILT A *BOAT* AROUND IT, SENT *HUMPHREY YOGERT* AND *KATHERINE HEARTBURN* TO THE *DARK CONTINENT* AND MADE THE OSCAR WINNING...

African Scream!

1914. A TRIM, SMOOTH-RUNNING PACKET MOVES SWIFTLY UP A PLACID PICTURESQUE RIVER, DEEP IN DARKEST AFRICA. AT THE HELM SITS ITS TRIM, SMOOTH-RUNNING SKIPPER, HUMPHREY YOGERT...





AH, GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. YOGERT. SIT DOWN. HAVE SOME TEA AND CRUMPETS!
DON' MIND IF I DO, MA'AM! ER... WHAT HAPPENED AROUND HERE, ANYHOO?
THE GERMANS, MR. YOGERT! THEY CAME AND BURNED OUR VILLAGE AND TORE UP OUR VEGETABLE GARDENS AND DRAHGGED AWFF OUR WOMEN AND KILLED AWFF OUR MEN! ONE LUMP OR TWO?
ER...ONE! BURRRPP! 'SCUSE ME, MA'AM. I MUST BE HUNGRY...
GRUP
WEE-OOP
THEY BURNED THE CHURCH AND RAWNSACKED THE HOUSE AND TOOK EVERYTHING OF VALUE! THEY TRIED TO ASSAWLT ME, BUT ROBERT, DEAR, DROVE THEM AWFF. HAVE A CRUMPET, MR. YOGERT?
THANKS, MA'AM! BURRRPP! THAT WAS PRETTY BRAVE OF YOU, ROBERT! ROBERT? HEY, YOUR BROTHER'S AWFULLY QUIET!
OUGHT TO BE! DEAD, YOU KNOW!
PHTOOEY!!
KOF! KOF!
BURP
IT IS WAHR, MR. YOGURT... WAHR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND GERMANY. I AM NEEDED BACK HOME. THERE ARE BAWNDAGES TO ROLL. I WANT YOU TO TAKE ME DOWN THE RIVAW...TO MOGAMBO...
YIPE! LOOK, MA'AM! IT'S ZAMBAGO! NOT MOGAMBO! STOP PLUGGIN' OTHER PICTURES, HUH!
AWFULLY SORRY! I LOST MY HEAD! IT'S THIS BLAWSTED HEAT. SHAWL WE GO ON? I WANT YOU TO TAKE ME DOWN THE RIVAW... TO LUMBAGO.
LUMBAGO! FMMPH! THIS BROAD IS A PAIN! BUT IF I DON'T AGREE TO TAKE HER... THERE AIN'T NO PITCHER... SO...
CUT!
ALL RIGHT, MA'AM! I'LL TAKE YOU DOWN THE RIVER TO ZAMBAGO. BUT FIRST, DON'T YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO BURY POOR ROBERT?
EXCELLENT THAWT! YOU DO THAT, MR. YOGERT, WHILE I WHASH AWAY THE DISHES!
?
CRAZY BROAD! NOW LOOK WHAT I GOT MYSELF INTO! WHY DON'T I LEARN TO KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT? A PRUDE LIKE HER... ON MY LIL' OL' TUG! BURRRPP! WHAT A SITUATION!
THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND... TUM-TUM-TA-TUM-TUM-TUM...
STAR BOND

WELL, MR. YOGERT! I AM WAITING!
HEH, HEH! BURPP! SOMETIMES SHE GETS A LITTLE TEMPERAMENTAL, MA'AM, AND DON' WANT TO START!
BUT ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TWIST THIS GADGET HERE...
UHH!
...AND BANG THIS DOODAD HERE...
KLUNK!
...AND SLAM THIS THINGAMAJIG HERE...
BASH!
...AND KICK IT...
KA WOMP!
...AND STAMP ON IT...
OOF
GRUNCH!
...AND SMASH IT...
KRUMF!
...AN'...HEH, HEH... SOMETIMES... SHE STARTS!
WELL, MR. YOGERT! I AM WAITING!
LOOK, BABY! DON'T GET SARCASTIC WITH ME. IF YOU DON'T LIKE THIS TUB YOU CAN WALK. THERE AIN'T ANOTHER BOAT IN THIS AREA...EXCEPT THE GERMAN GUNBOAT DOWN ON LAKE TOOKARUMBALESSON...
A GERMAN GUNBOAT, MR. YOGERT! HOW VEDDY INTERESTING!
ISN'T THIS DYNAMITE YOU'RE CARRYING, MR. YOGERT? WOULDN'T IT BE POSSIBLE TO SINK THE GERMAN GUNBOAT ON LAKE TANGORUMBASAMBA WITH AWL THIS DAWLING DYNAMITE?
NOW LOOK WHAT I GOT MYSELF INTO! WHY DON'T I LEARN TO KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT!
KRR
STAR BOARD
PORT

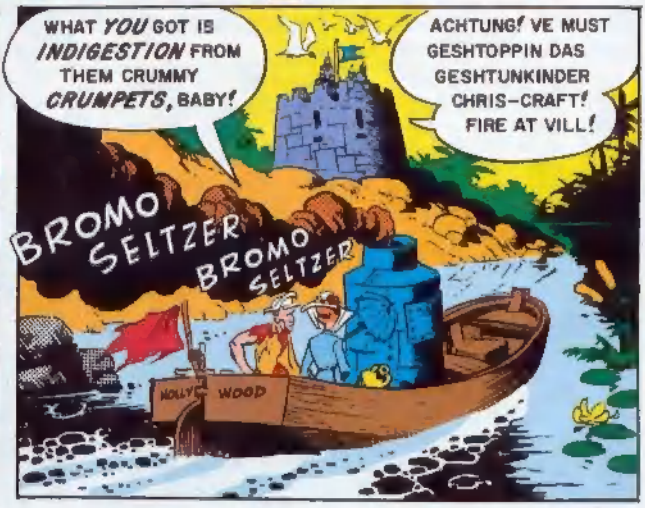
ARE YOU CRAZY, MA'AM? LOOK AT THIS MAP! LAKE LEARNADOODAMAMBO IS SIX HUNDRED MILES DOWN-STREAM THROUGH RAPIDS AND SWAMPS AND PAST A GERMAN FORT. WE'D NEVER MAKE IT. ARE YOU CRAZY?
ARE YOU AFRAID, MR. YOGERT?
OSCAR? OSCAR!
WHO? ME? ME, AFRAID? HUMPHREY YOGERT... AFRAID OF RAPIDS AND SWAMPS AND GERMAN FORTS?
YOU'RE DARN RIGHT!
WHERE'S MY GIN?
I HAVE HIDDEN YOUR GIN, MR. YOGERT. I WILL LET YOU HAVE YOUR GIN IF YOU HELP ME SINK THAT GERMAN GUNBOAT!
THIS BROAD IS SOME PAIN! BUT IF I DON'T AGREE TO HELP HER ...THERE AIN'T NO PITCHER...SO...
WELL, MA'AM. WE'RE ON OUR WAY... TO SINK THE GERMAN GUNBOAT!
CAWL ME KATE, MR. YOGERT! AND I WILL CAWL YOU HUMPHREY!
DANGER
STOP
YOU FOOL YOU!
RAPID RAPIDS
CHEESE...WHAT SOME PEOPLE WON'T DO TO WIN AN ACADAMY AWARD! NOW WE'RE CALLIN' EACH OTHER BY OUR FIRST NAMES. THE NEXT THING YOU KNOW, I'LL BE MAKIN' LOVE T' THIS STIFF!
HUMPHREY! DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME, OR ARE WE NOT APPROACHING SEETHING BOILING TREACHEROUS RAPIDS?
LAST CHANCE
SO LONG SUCKER!
YOU AIN'T SEEIN' THINGS, KATE! HOLD ON TO YOUR BONNET...WE'RE IN FOR A TOSSIN' AROUND!
I HAVE A STRANGE SENSATION... HERE... A BUBBLING FLUTTER... A TINGLING GLOW... A PAINFUL THROBBING IN ANTICIPATION OF A NEW AND UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE...
NUTS! YOU'RE... SEASICK...BABY!
I SAY! THIS IS JOLLY!
GLUG!
PTAF
LAUREN B. CALM

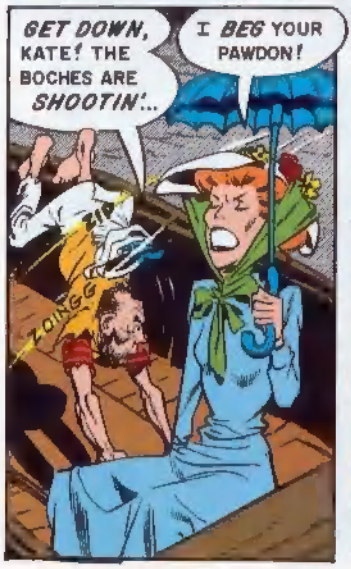
GASP...GASP... WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE! WHEW!
WHAT A DELIGHTFULLY EXHILERATING EXPERIENCE, HUMPHREY! WEREN'T YOU THRILLED? WEREN'T YOU STIMULATED? WEREN'T YOU...

STIMULATED? BURRPP! I WAS SCARED STIFF! C'MON, KATE! LE'ME HAVE A SWIG O' GIN!
THE GUNBOAT, HUMPHREY! AFTER WE SINK THE GUNBOAT!
LIFT THAT BALE

AT THAT MOMENT, HIGH UP ON THE TOWERING CLIFFS OVERLOOKING THE RIVER...
OBERLEUTNANT! KIM TERR HINE!
VAS ES LOS?
DIG DAS GESHTUNKINDER CHRIS-CRAFT...
KRAUT

DON'T LOOK NOW, KATE! THERE'S THE GERMAN FORT!
I SAY! AGAIN I FEEL THAT STRANGE SENSATION... THAT BUBBLING FLUTTER... THAT TINGLING GLOW... THAT PAINFUL THROBBING IN ANTICIPATION OF A NEW AND UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE...
GROANN
GRAWRR
GROWL!


WHAT YOU GOT IS INDIGESTION FROM THEM CRUMMY CRUMPETS, BABY!
ACHTUNG! VE MUST GESHTOPPIN DAS GESHTUNKINDER CHRIS-CRAFT! FIRE AT VILL!
BROMO SELTZER
BROMO SELTZER
HOLLY WOOD

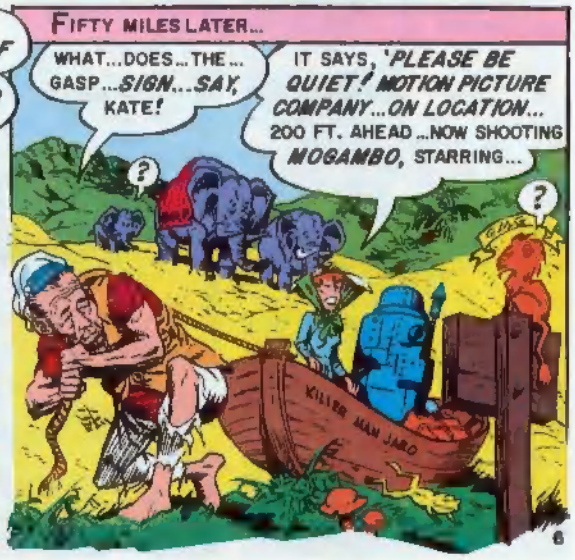

GET DOWN, KATE! THE BOCHES ARE SHOOTIN'...
I BEG YOUR PAWDON!
ZIP
ZOINGG

I SAID BOCHES!
OH!
PAT!
ANG!

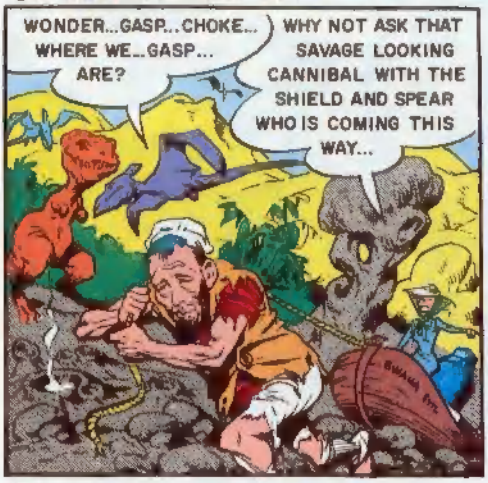
GET DOWN!
WHAT!? AND MISS THIS EXHILERATING EXPERIENCE? OH, NO! NOT... Y!!!!!!
SCREEE
P-TEENG!

I SAY! THAT WAS CLOSE!
BURRPP!
ZIP
WEEEE

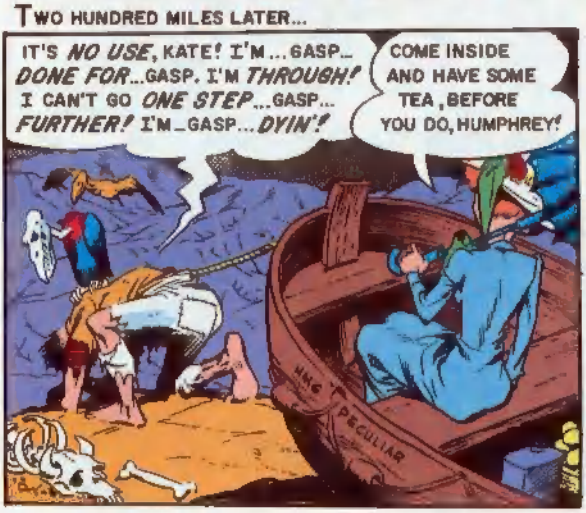
AND THEN...THE SWAMPS...THE STINKING MOSQUITO INFESTED SLOPPY OOZING SWAMPS...



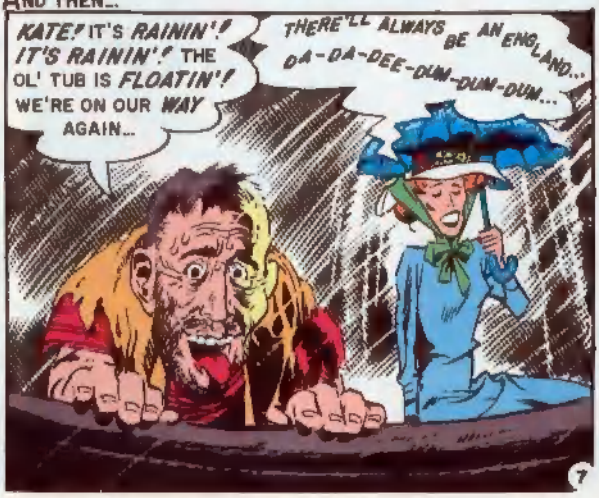
ONE HUNDRED MILES LATER...



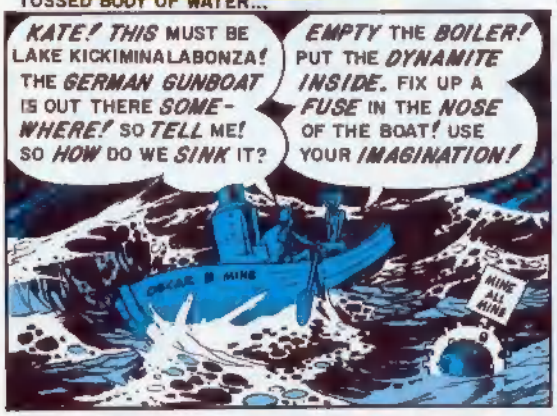
TWO HUNDRED MILES LATER...

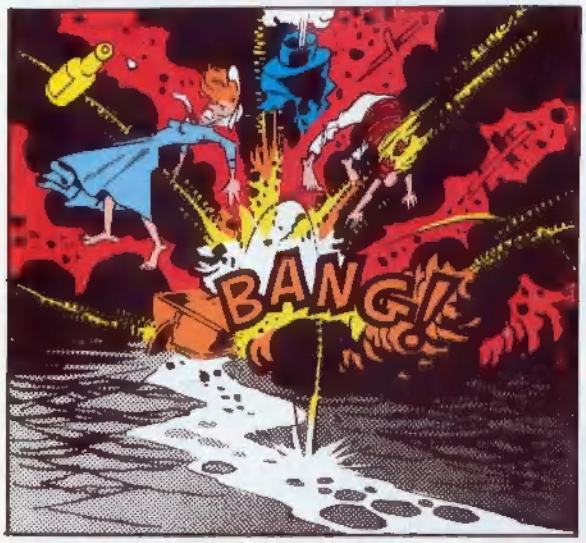


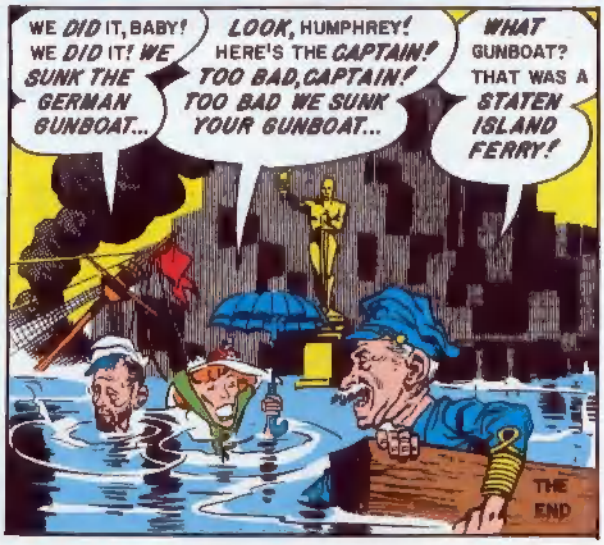
AND THEN...



THE MONSOON SWEPT DOWN UPON THEM, LASHING OUT IN ALL ITS FURY, CREATING SWIRLING EDDIES THAT POURED INTO LARGER STREAMS THAT SWEPT THEIR FRAGILE BOAT DOWNWARD INTO A STORM TOSSED BODY OF WATER...



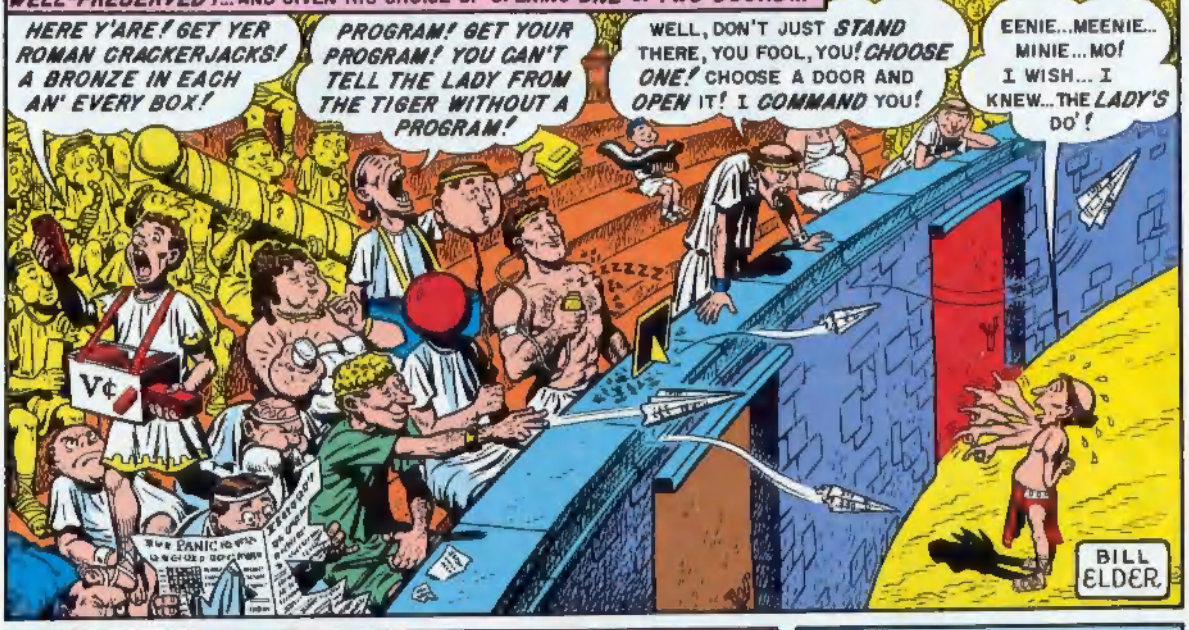




CLASSIC LITERATURE DEPT. (SORTA LEAVES YOU HANGIN' DIVISION): REMEMBER THIS ONE? THE STORY WITHOUT AN END? THE FAMOUS YARN THAT LEFT YOU GUESSING? WELL, AS A PUBLIC SERVICE, AND SO YOU SHOULDN'T LIE AWAKE NIGHTS AND DEVELOP A WORRY ULCER, PANIC PRESENTS THE ANSWER...ITS OWN CAREFULLY-THOUGHT-OUT SOLUTION TO THE CLASSIC AND FRUSTRATING PROBLEM: WHO CAME OUT OF THE DOOR ON THE RIGHT...

The LADY or the TIGER?

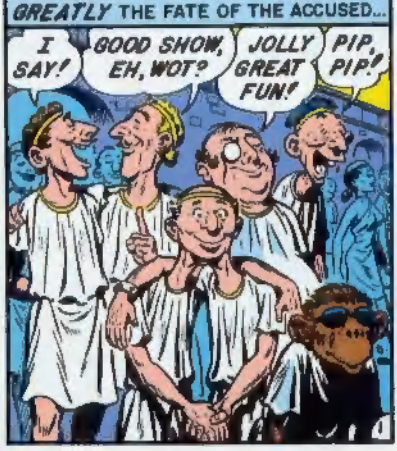
BACK IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS...AROUND 2000 B.M. (BEFORE MELVIN)...THERE LIVED A SEMI-BARBARIC KING... (HE'D ONLY GONE HALF-WAY THROUGH BARBER COLLEGE)...WHO HAD A UNIQUE METHOD OF DOLING OUT POETIC JUSTICE. THE ACCUSED CRIMINAL WAS LED INTO A JAM-PACKED ARENA...(THE PEOPLE OF THIS KINGDOM WERE WELL-PRESERVED)...AND GIVEN HIS CHOICE OF OPENING ONE OF TWO DOORS...



IF THE ACCUSED SUBJECT OPENED THE ONE DOOR, THERE POUNCED OUT THE FIERCEST, SLOBBERINGEST, HUNGRIEST TIGER YOU EVER SAW...

...WHICH IMMEDIATELY SPRANG UPON HIM AND TORE HIM TO ITSY BITSY PIECES AS PUNISHMENT FOR HIS GUILT...

...AND AFTERWARDS, THE VAST AUDIENCE WITH BOWED HEADS AND DOWNCAST HEARTS WOULD WEND THEIR WAY SLOWLY HOMEWARD, MOURNING GREATLY THE FATE OF THE ACCUSED...



BUT IF THE ACCUSED PERSON OPENED THE *OTHER* DOOR, THERE POUNCED OUT THE MOST *LUSCIOUS*, MOST *GONEST*, MOST *CHICKEST* CHICK YOU EVER LAID *EYES* UPON...

MMMMMM...*BOY!* MAH-*ROOON!* VA-VA-VA *VOOM!*

HELLO, YOU *LOVELY BIG HANDSOME LUCKY DEVIL*, YOU!

THE VAULT OF HORROR

NO HANDBALL PLAYING ALLOWED HERE!

... AND *TO THIS FAIR LADY*, THE SUBJECT WAS *IMMEDIATELY MARRIED*. . . AS A *REWARD* FOR HIS *INNOCENCE*. . .

I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU *MAN* AND *WIFE! TWO GOLD PIECES*, PLEASE!

PAY THE MAN, *HUH*, HON? I LEFT MY *WALLET* IN MY *OTHER LOIN CLOTH*...

MARRIAGE LICENSE

IT MATTERED NOT THAT HE MIGHT *ALREADY POSSESS* A *WIFE* AND *FAMILY*...

PAPPA! PAPPA! COME *HOME! MAMA* IS *WAITING! SISTER* IS *WAITING!* THE *BABY* IS. . .

GET *AWAY* FROM ME, KID! Y'*BOTHER* ME! LET'S GO, BABY!

THE INNOCENT MAN, PRECEDED BY MAIDENS STREWING FLOWERS ON HIS PATH, LED HIS BRIDE THROUGH THE WILDLY HAPPY CHEERING THRONG...

AW, NUTS!

NO BLOOD!

NO GUTS!

WE WUZ ROBBED!

THIS, THEN, WAS THE KING'S SEMI-BARBARIC METHOD OF ADMINISTERING JUSTICE. NOW COMES THE *PLOT*. THIS KING HAD A *DAUGHTER*, SEE? AND THIS DAUGHTER HAD A HORROR OF HORRORS... A *COMMONER* FOR A *LOVER*... THE ROYAL T.V. REPAIR MAN...

WHAT IF THE *KING* SHOULD *FIND OUT*, GWENDOLYN?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT A *THING*, MELVIN! HE THINKS YOU'RE ALIGNING MY *CHASSIS!*

MARSHMALLOWS

PHEASANT FAT

GREEK SALAD

FINGER BOWL

ONE SAD DAY, THE KING DISCOVERED THE TRUTH...

MELVIN... CHOKE! IT'S MY *OLD MAN!*

SO! THIS IS WHAT'S BEEN *GOING ON* WHILE YOU WERE *SUPPOSED* TO BE *REPLACING TUBES!*

ACTUALLY, YOUR MAJESTY, I COULDN'T *RESISTOR!*

BOING!

THE KING WAS FURIOUS. THE YOUNG LOVER WAS IMMEDIATELY THROWN INTO PRISON. THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BIG DAY, THE PRINCESS STOLE TO HIS CELL WINDOW...

I PASSED OUT A FEW *MINK COATS* AND A *DEEP FREEZE*, MELVIN. DON'T WORRY ABOUT A *THING!* I GOT EVERYTHING *FIGURED! TOMORROW, LOOKA ME! I'LL TELL YOU* WHAT *DOOR* TO *OPEN!*

AN EGYPTIAN SLAVE ROAST TONIGHT - BRING MESSKITS!

THE NEXT DAY, THE ARENA WAS JAMMED. THE KING AND THE PRINCESS SAT SIDE BY SIDE IN THE ROYAL BOX. A SIGNAL WAS GIVEN. MELVIN WAS LED INTO THE ARENA...

TIGER LILIES! WEAR A TIGER LILY! SHOW WHO YOU'RE ROOTIN' FOR!

LADY BUGS! GET YOUR FAVORITE'S INSIGNIA! LADY BUGS!

ORANGES

ORANGES FLORIDA

AS THE YOUTH ADVANCED INTO THE ARENA, HE TURNED, AS WAS THE CUSTOM, TO BOW TO THE KING. BUT HE WASN'T LOOKING AT HIM. OH, NO! HIS EYES WERE FIXED UPON THE PRINCESS...

PSST! HEY! GWENDOLYN! SO, GIVE ME THE CLUE! THE HINT!

CHOOSE ONE OF THE TWO DOORS, CRUMB!

JOE'S PIZZA

SUBTLY, ALMOST IMPERCEPTABLY, THE PRINCESS CONVEYED TO HER BELOVED MELVIN HER SECRET MESSAGE...

I...I DON'T GET IT, HONEY! WHICH ONE?

NO LEFT TURN

ONE WAY

NEIN!

THIS IS IT KID!

YA!

THE ONE ON THE RIGHT, STUPID!

OH!

MELVIN TURNED, AND WITH A FIRM STEP, STARTED TOWARD THE DOOR ON THE RIGHT...

GOOD OL' GWENDOLYN! SHE FIXED IT! SHE'S GONNA LET ME PICK THE...

NO PEDDLERS

...THE BEAUTIFUL LADY?! GWENDOLYN? THAT JEALOUS BROAD?

THIS IS A UNION SHOP!

PLEASE WIPE FEET AFTER WASHING!

NOW, WAIT A MINUTE, MELVIN! LEAVE US NOT BE HASTY! LEAVE US THINK THIS OVER A MOMENT!

SUN TAN

YOU GET THE PICTURE, READERS? YOU DIG MELVIN'S PROBLEM? HERE'S THIS HOT-BLOODED, SEMI-BARBARIC PRINCESS TELLIN' MELVIN WHAT DOOR TO OPEN, 'CAUSE SHE *KNOWS* WHAT'S BEHIND IT, THE LADY OR THE TIGER...

IF IT'S THE *LADY*, I HAVE TO *MARRY HER*... AN' *GWENNY WOULDN'T WANT THAT!* SHE'S THE *POSSESSIVE TYPE!*

INSTANT BIRD SEED

HERE'S THIS HOT-BLOODED CHICK TORN BETWEEN THE FIRES OF JEALOUSY AND DESPAIR...

AND IF IT'S THE *TIGER*, I GET *TORN TO PIECES*, AN' *GWENNY WOULDN'T WANT THAT*. SHE'S GOT A *WEAK STOMACH*...

HOW OFTEN HAS THIS SEMI-BARBARIC BABE, IN HER WAKING HOURS AND IN HER DREAMS, STARTED IN WILD HORROR, AND COVERED HER FACE WITH HER HANDS AS SHE THOUGHT OF MELVIN OPENING THE *ONE* DOOR AND BEING *ET UP ALIVE? HUH? HOW OFTEN?*

AUTOMAT

CHOKE...

AND HOW MUCH *OFTENER* HAS SHE SEEN HIM OPEN THE *OTHER* DOOR, AND *GNASHED HER TEETH* AND *TORN HER HAIR*, WATCHING THAT *GORGEOUS LADY* MARCH OUT AND INTO HIS EAGER WAITING ARMS? *HUH?* HOW *MUCH OFTENER?*...

POW!

GRRRRRR...

ZIP!

WOULDN'T SHE FIGURE IT'D BE *BETTER* FOR ME TO *DIE AT ONCE* AND GO WAIT FOR HER IN OUR *BLESSED, SEMI-BARBARIC, AFTER-LIFE, HEAVEN-PLACE?*

SO *PICK* ALREADY!

MUSTARD

TAKE IT *EASY!* THIS IS A *PROBLEM!*

FIFTEEN YARDS PENALTY.. FOR DELAYING THE GAME!

LUCKY CHARMS HORSESHOES 4 LEAF CLOVERS RABBIT'S FEET ETC....

MELVIN *HAD* TO *MAKE UP HIS MIND!* SHOULD HE *TRUST* HER? OR *SHOULDN'T* HE? HE SHRUGGED, CROSSED THE ARENA, AND FLUNG OPEN THE *RIGHT DOOR*...THE DOOR THE PRINCESS HAD *TOLD* HIM TO OPEN...

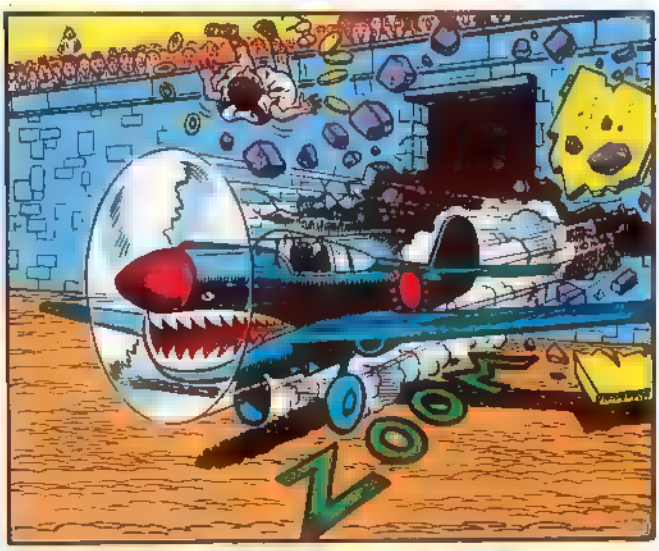
GULP...

DEATH IN THE FAMILY

AND IT'S *RIGHT HERE* THAT THE STORY *ENDS*. THE *AUTHOR*, CLEVER LITTLE FIEND THAT HE IS, *DROPS* THE PROBLEM *RIGHT IN YOUR LAP*. SO *WHO CAME OUT?* THE *LADY OR THE TIGER!*

PANIC PRESENTS THE SOLUTION...
SLAMM
CHOKE... NO...NO!
ANYTHING BUT THAT! I'D RATHER DIE! THE OTHER DOOR! OF COURSE!
COME OUT, TIGER! COME OUT AND KILL ME!
ONE SIDE!
GANGWAY!
LET'S GO!
ALL RIGHT, PLAY BALL!
WAIT A MINUTE!
BATTER UP! LET'S GO!
WAIT A MINUTE! THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A TIGER BEHIND THAT DOOR!
LOOK SHARP BE SHARP CUT YOURSELF!
DUG-OUT
SO?
SO WHERE'S THE TIGER?
I'M A TIGER!
HUH?
POW!
I'M A DETROIT TIGER!
GET THAT BUM OFF THE FIELD!

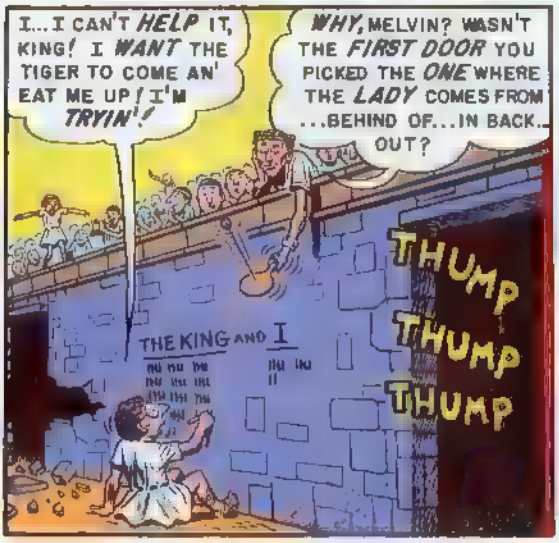
WAIT! I SEE TEETH! SHARP, SLOBBERING, GLEAMING WHITE TEETH ■ THERE! COME OUT! KILL ME!
FREE BAGELS COME WITH ME!
I'M DELICIOUS ON RYE OR WHOLE WHEAT
PRIME BEEF FRESH ON THE FOOT!

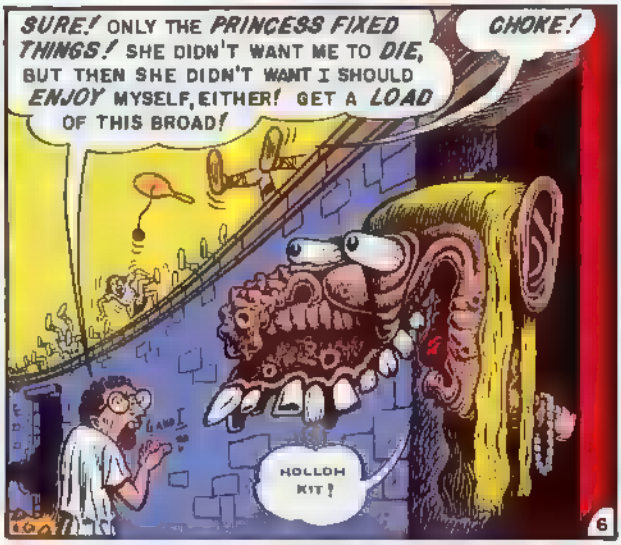

ZOOM

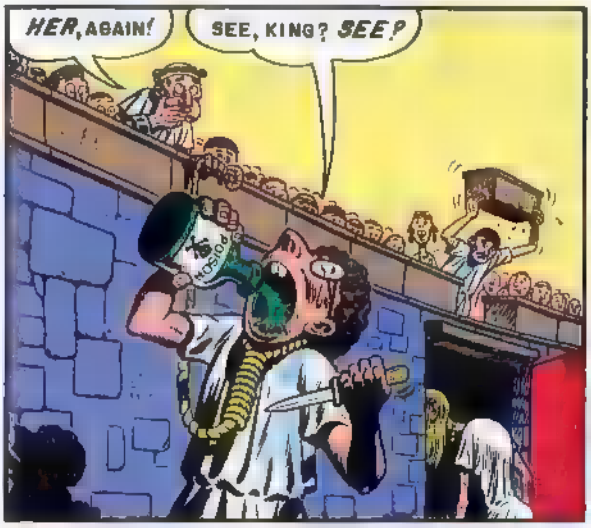
WAIT A MINUTE! STOP!
CAN'T STOP, BUB! I GOTTA PICK UP TH' CHECK!
AIR MAIL

THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A TIGER BEHIND THAT...
CHIANG-KAI-CHECK!
CHECK? WHAT CHECK?

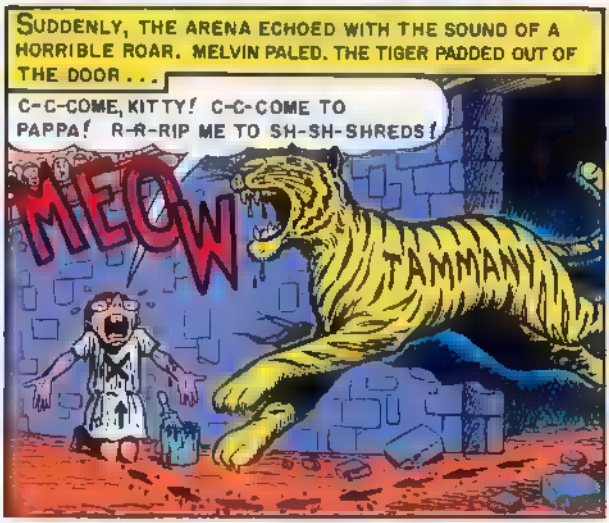
Y'SEE! I'M A FLYING TIGER!
HOLD IT! HOLD IT!

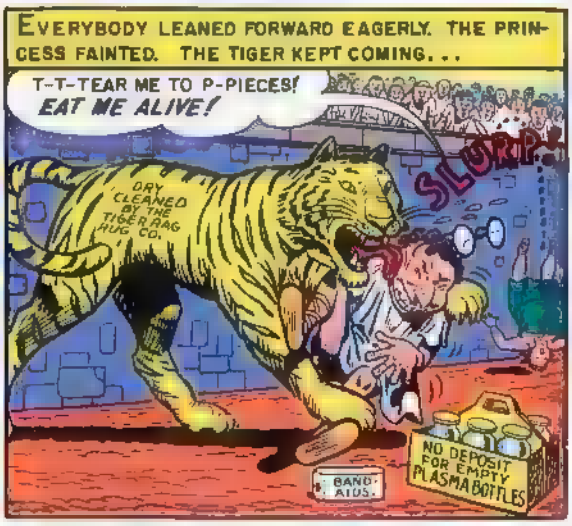

I...I CAN'T HELP IT, KING! I WANT THE TIGER TO COME AN' EAT ME UP! I'M TRYIN'!
WHY, MELVIN? WASN'T THE FIRST DOOR YOU PICKED THE ONE WHERE THE LADY COMES FROM ...BEHIND OF...IN BACK... OUT?
THE KING AND I
THUMP THUMP THUMP


SURE! ONLY THE PRINCESS FIXED THINGS! SHE DIDN'T WANT ME TO DIE, BUT THEN SHE DIDN'T WANT I SHOULD ENJOY MYSELF, EITHER! GET A LOAD OF THIS BROAD!
CHOKE!
HOLLOH KIT!


HER, AGAIN!
SEE, KING? SEE?

MELVIN, YOU'RE RIGHT! NOBODY WOULD WANT TO MARRY THAT... THAT..THING! I'LL DO YOU A FAVOR! RELEASE THE TIGER!
YOU'RE A PAL, KING!


SUDDENLY, THE ARENA ECHOED WITH THE SOUND OF A HORRIBLE ROAR. MELVIN PALED. THE TIGER PADDED OUT OF THE DOOR...
C-C-COME, KITTY! C-C-COME TO PAPPA! R-R-RIP ME TO SH-SH-SHREDS!
MEOW
TAMMANY


EVERYBODY LEANED FORWARD EAGERLY. THE PRINCESS FAINTED. THE TIGER KEPT COMING...
T-T-TEAR ME TO P-PIECES! EAT ME ALIVE!
SLURRP!
DRY CLEANED BY THE TIGER RAG HUG CO.
BAND-AIDS.
NO DEPOSIT FOR EMPTY PLASMA BOTTLES

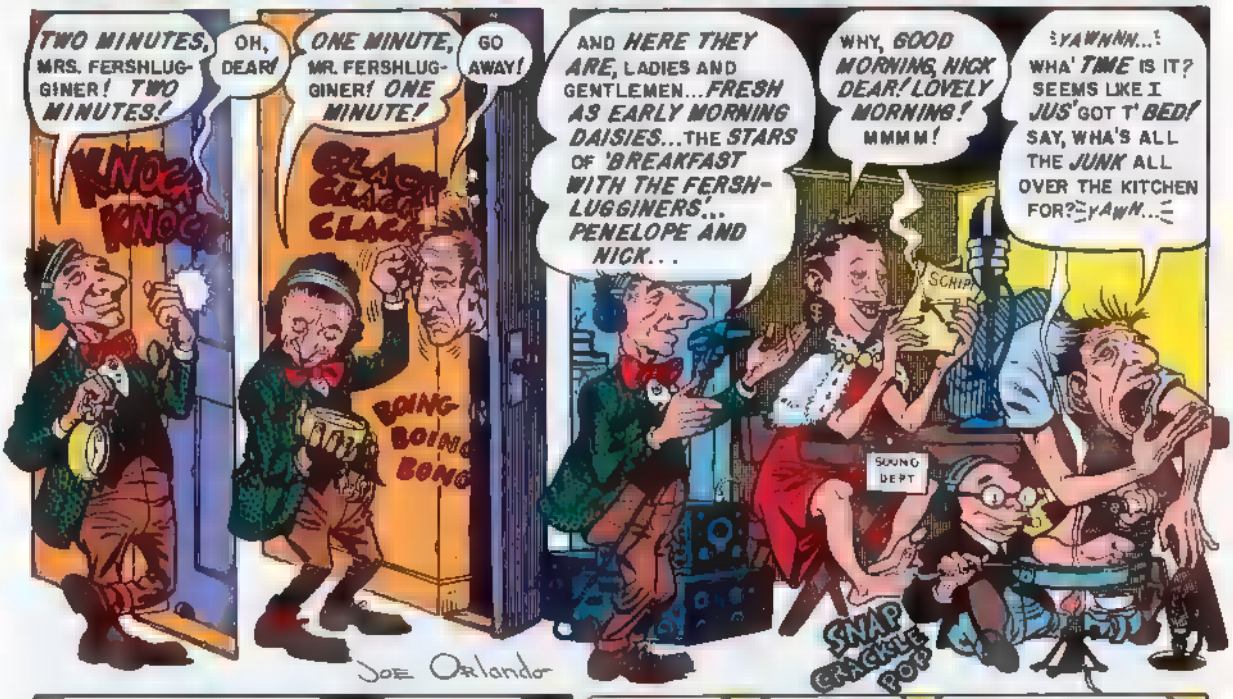
WHAT?! EAT YOU ALIVE? WHO WANTS TO EAT YOU ALIVE?
THE TIGER... IT TALKS!

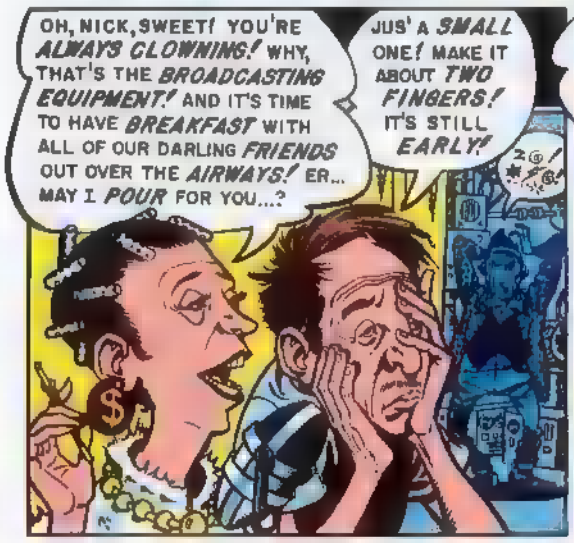
OF COURSE I TALK! SOMEBODY TOLD ME I COULD GET A JOB AROUND HERE!
JOB?

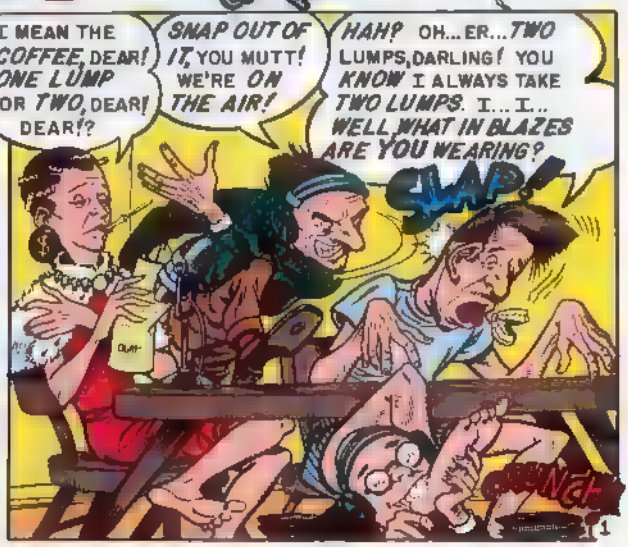
YEAH! TELL ME! IS THIS WHERE THEY'RE SHOOTIN' MOGAMBO?
PTOOO!
THE END.

EARLY MORNING RADIO PROGRAMS DEPT. (HUSBAND AND WIFE IN THE KITCHEN DIVISION): HAVE YOU CAUGHT ONE OF THESE YET? HAVE YOU LISTENED TO THE TINKLING OF DISHES, THE GURGLING OF COFFEE, THE BELCHING FROM YOUR LOUDSPEAKER? HAVE YOU HEARD THE LOVEY-DOVEY CONVERSATIONS, THE HOME-SPUN PHILOSOPHY, THE FAMILY-TO-FAMILY ADVICE, WHILE YOU'RE TRYING TO CHOKE DOWN YOUR MORNING MEAL? YOU CAN SUBJECT YOURSELF TO THIS UTTERLY NAUSEATING EXPERIENCE ANY DAY IN THE WEEK. JUST SIT DOWN AT THE TABLE ABOUT 8 A.M., FLIP ON YOUR KITCHEN RADIO, AND HAVE A REVOLTING...

BREAKFAST WITH THE FERSHLUGGINERS







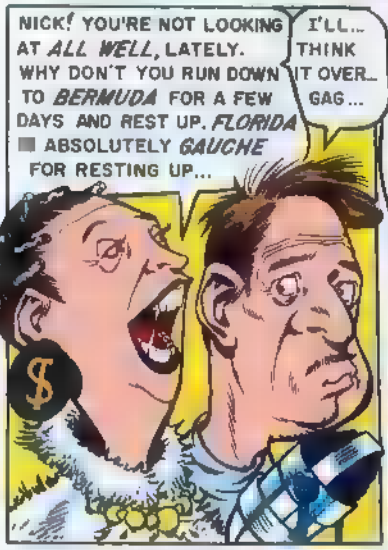
OH, THIS? LIKE IT? IT'S AN ERMINE CAPE I PICKED UP AT ANTOINNE'S FUR SALON. ANTOINNE'S FUR SALON IS LOCATED AT 213½ FOURTH AVENUE, JUST ABOVE THE KOSHER MEAT MARKET. YOU'VE HEARD OF ANTOINNE'S, HAVEN'T YOU, LAMB?
OF COURSE! HEH, HEH! WHO HASN'T?! HEH, HEH! WHO HASN'T HEARD OF ANTOINNE'S.
ISN'T IT BREATH-TAKING, NICK? ERMINE CAPES ARE THE LATEST THING, YOU KNOW! MINK STOLES ARE SIMPLY GAUCHE THIS SEASON. NO ONE IS WEARING THEM. JUST NO ONE.
POOR LIL' IGNORED, SHUNNED MINKS...
GIRLS! YOU SIMPLY MUST WEAR ERMINE THIS SEASON IF YOU WANT TO BE IN STYLE. SO HURRY ON OUT AND PICK UP A CAPE LIKE MINE AT ANTOINNE'S. HE'S SO WONDERFULLY REASONABLE. THIS CAPE COSTS JUST FIFTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS...
...DOWN! THE REST IN SMALL WEEKLY TRANS-FUSIONS!
WELL! I DIDN'T SAY 'GOOD-MORNING' TO OUR ENGINEER THIS MORNING! GOOD-MORNING... ER...AH...OH, NICK! TALKING ABOUT ENGINEERING! I WAS...
SO WHO WAS TALKING ABOUT ENGINEERING? FINISH WHAT YOU STARTED, PENELOPE. SAY 'GOOD-MORNING TO OUR ENGINEER'!
PTOO
OH...YES...GOOD-MORNING! ANYWAY, I WAS WALKING DOWN FIFTH AVE. YESTERDAY WHEN WHAT SHOULD I SEE BUT A GORGEOUS, SIMPLY GORGEOUS, LAVENDER AND ORANGE PHNULT!
A WHO? A PHNULT? WHAT BLAZES IS A PHNULT?
OH, NICK. STOP JOKING! THE PHNULT THAT DREAMY FOREIGN CAR THAT EVERY-BODY WHO IS ANYBODY DRIVING. IT'S THE LATEST RAGE. YOU'RE JUST NOT IN STYLE IF YOU'RE NOT DRIVING A PHNULT! CADILLACS ARE SO GAUCHE THESE DAYS, DON'T YOU THINK SO, DEAR?
OH, DEFINITELY PASSE! SAY, ISN'T THE PHNULT THAT ARMENIAN SPORT CAR WITH THE MOTOR ON THE RUNNING BOARD?
RIGHT, DEAR! AND IT COMES IN SUCH EXQUISITE COLORS...TWO TONES...STRIPES... POLKA DOTS...AND SO REASONABLE. ONLY SEVEN THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS F.O.B. VIENNA. CALLICO OR GINGHAM UPHOLSTERY EXTRA. YOU CAN ORDER YOUR PHNULT AT '400 MOTORS', 1259 BROADWAY. SO HURRY RIGHT DOWN!
DON'T EVEN FINISH YOUR BREAK-FAST...

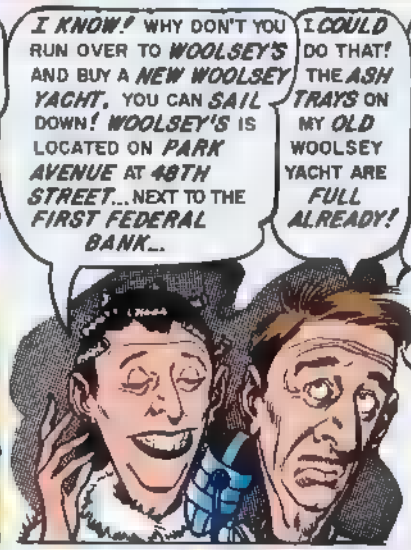
PASS THE PÂTÉ DE FOIE GRAS, NICK, DARLING!
THE...GAG... WHA'?

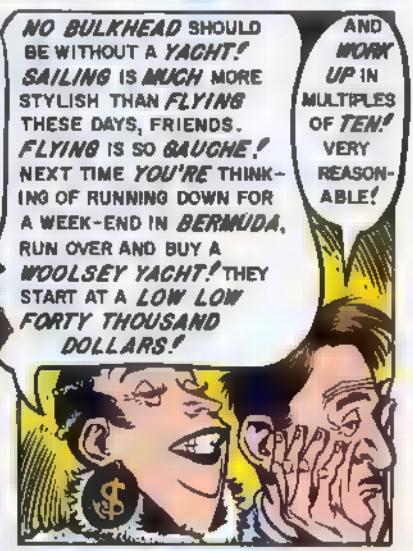
PERGAMEYER'S PÂTÉ DE FOIE GRAS. IT'S THE LATEST IN DAINTY TIDBITS. CHICKEN LIVERS ARE SIMPLY GAUCHE NOWADAYS! EVERYBODY IS EATING PERGAMEYER'S CANNED PÂTÉ DE FOIE GRAS.
PÂTÉ DE FOIE GRAS IS...CHOKE... GOOSE LIVER, ISN'T... GULP... IT, PENELOPE?

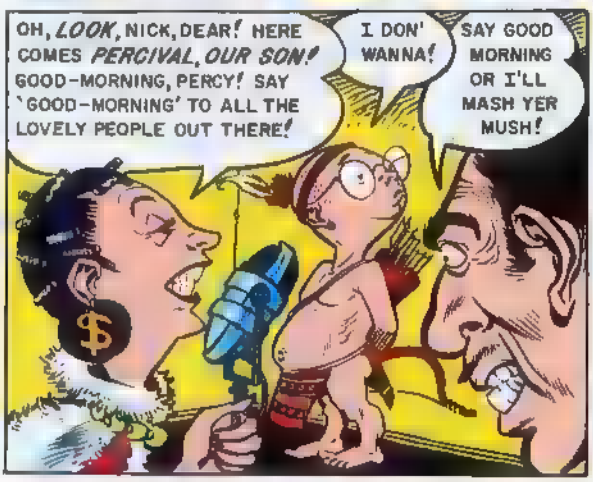
IMPORTED GOOSE LIVER, NICK DARLING! THE PERGAMEYER PEOPLE SEARCH ALL EUROPE FOR THE GEESE WITH THE LARGEST TASTIEST LIVERS. DO YOU KNOW HOW THEY GET PÂTÉ DE FOIE GRAS, HONEY?

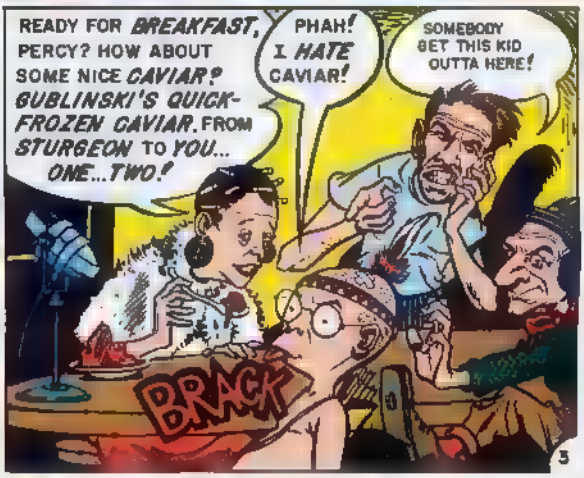
THEY FORCE-FEED THE GOOSE BY STUFFING CORN DOWN ITS THROAT EVERY MINUTE OF THE DAY! THIS ENLARGENS THE GOOSE'S LIVER... AND...

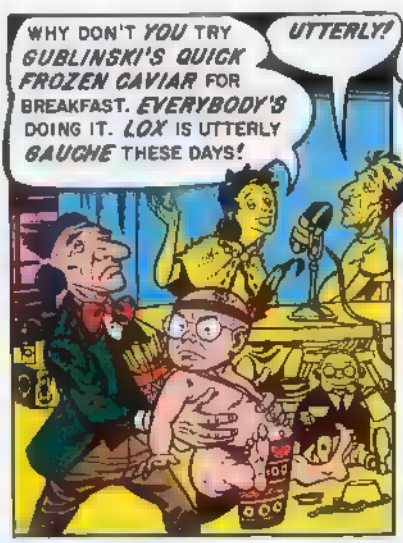

NICK! YOU'RE NOT LOOKING AT ALL WELL, LATELY. WHY DON'T YOU RUN DOWN TO BERMUDA FOR A FEW DAYS AND REST UP. FLORIDA IS ABSOLUTELY GAUCHE FOR RESTING UP...
I'LL... THINK IT OVER... GAG...


I KNOW! WHY DON'T YOU RUN OVER TO WOOLSEY'S AND BUY A NEW WOOLSEY YACHT. YOU CAN SAIL DOWN! WOOLSEY'S IS LOCATED ON PARK AVENUE AT 48TH STREET... NEXT TO THE FIRST FEDERAL BANK...
I COULD DO THAT! THE ASH TRAYS ON MY OLD WOOLSEY YACHT ARE FULL ALREADY!


NO BULKHEAD SHOULD BE WITHOUT A YACHT! SAILING IS MUCH MORE STYLISH THAN FLYING THESE DAYS, FRIENDS. FLYING IS SO GAUCHE! NEXT TIME YOU'RE THINKING OF RUNNING DOWN FOR A WEEK-END IN BERMUDA, RUN OVER AND BUY A WOOLSEY YACHT! THEY START AT A LOW LOW FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!
AND WORK UP IN MULTIPLES OF TEN! VERY REASONABLE!

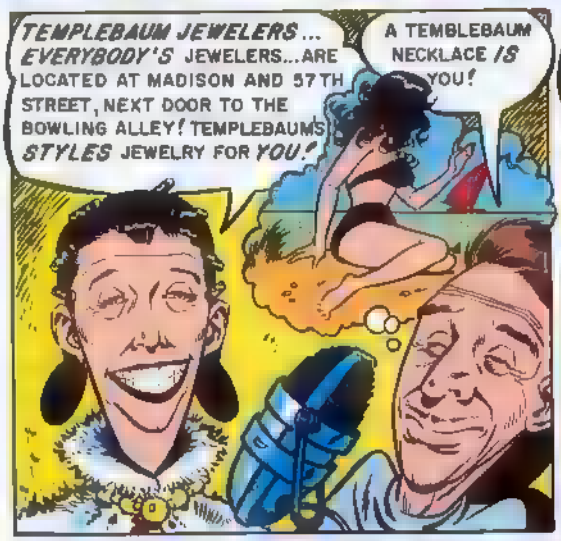

OH, LOOK, NICK, DEAR! HERE COMES PERCIVAL, OUR SON! GOOD-MORNING, PERCY! SAY 'GOOD-MORNING' TO ALL THE LOVELY PEOPLE OUT THERE!
I DON' WANNA!
SAY GOOD MORNING OR I'LL MASH YER MUSH!

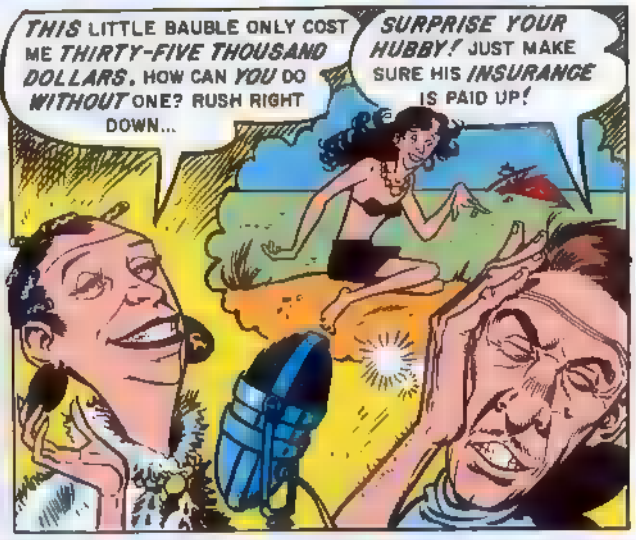

READY FOR BREAKFAST, PERCY? HOW ABOUT SOME NICE CAVIAR? BUBLINSKI'S QUICK-FROZEN CAVIAR, FROM STURGEON TO YOU... ONE...TWO!
PHAH! I HATE CAVIAR!
SOMEBODY GET THIS KID OUTTA HERE!
BRACK


WHY DON'T YOU TRY GUBLINSKI'S QUICK FROZEN CAVIAR FOR BREAKFAST. EVERYBODY'S DOING IT. LOX IS UTTERLY GAUCHE THESE DAYS!
UTTERLY!

NICK, DEAR. YOU DIDN'T NOTICE MY TEMPLEBAUM DIAMOND AND PEARL NECKLACE. ISN'T IT EXQUISITE?
DEVINE!

LADIES! WHEN YOUR HUSBAND TAKES YOU OUT TONIGHT, WEAR A TEMPLEBAUM DIAMOND AND PEARL NECKLACE, WON'T YOU? CORSAGES ARE DEFINITELY GAUCHE AS EVENING WEAR!
DEFINITELY!


TEMPLEBAUM JEWELERS... EVERYBODY'S JEWELERS...ARE LOCATED AT MADISON AND 57TH STREET, NEXT DOOR TO THE BOWLING ALLEY! TEMPLEBAUMS STYLES JEWELRY FOR YOU!
A TEMBLEBAUM NECKLACE IS YOU!


THIS LITTLE BAUBLE ONLY COST ME THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS. HOW CAN YOU DO WITHOUT ONE? RUSH RIGHT DOWN...
SURPRISE YOUR HUBBY! JUST MAKE SURE HIS INSURANCE IS PAID UP!

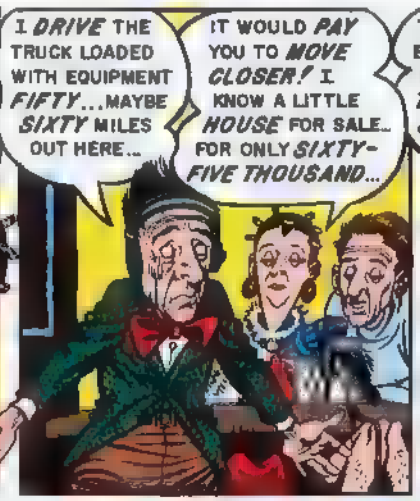
HAVE YOU TASTED THE TRUFFLES THIS MORNING, NICK, HONEY LAMB?
TRUFFLES? WHAT'S THAT?

TRUFFLES? MOTHER MURPHEY'S MANURE-BROWN TRUFFLES? THEY'RE THE LATEST THING! MUSHROOMS ARE POSITIVELY GAUCHE ON TOAST! NOWADAYS EVERYBODY IS EATING TRUFFLES!
THEY... CHOKE... ARE?

HERE, DEAR! TRY ONE! GOOD?
DELICIOUS... MMMP! ER... PARDON ME!

WHILE NICK IS GETTING ANOTHER SILEX OF COFFEE FROM THE STOVE, I MUST TELL YOU ABOUT THE LATEST IN OUTDOOR LIVING!
ULLLPP!
YESTERDAY, THEY COMPLETED OUR SWIMMING POOL! AND... GIRLS... YOU MUST MAKE YOUR HUSBAND INSTALL A SWIMMING POOL. YOU JUST MUST!
IF THEY DON'T GET RID OF THAT MOTHER MURPHEY ACCOUNT, I'M QUITTING!
HONESTLY, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT... ABSOLUTELY NOTHING! NO SURBURBAN HOME IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A SWIMMING POOL!
FIRST, MOTHER MURPHEY'S DEHYDRATED POACHED EGGS ON TOAST... GAG...
BACK YARDS WITHOUT SWIMMING POOLS ARE SIMPLY GAUCHE THESE DAYS!
THEN, MOTHER MURPHEY'S CANNED SALOMI AND EGGS WITH RELISH... CHOKE...
YAK
OUR POOL ONLY COST US TWO HUNDRED AND SIX THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS. OF COURSE, THAT INCLUDES THE DIVING BOARDS...
THEN, MOTHER MURPHEY'S QUICK-FROZEN HOMINY GRITS AND CORN PONE...
BUT THEN, A SWIMMING POOL IS SIMPLY GAUCHE WITHOUT A DIVING BOARD!
ALL RIGHT! THAT'S ENOUGH!
WHO'S THAT BARKING, DEAR? IS THAT OUR FRENCH POODLE, LUCKY PIERRE? BOXERS ARE SO GAUCHE...
I SAID THAT'S ENOUGH! I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE!
NICK! IT'S OUR DARLING ENGINEER! TELL HIM THAT RAISING HIS VOICE IS SO GAUCHE!
YOU TELL HIM! I'M LEAVING!

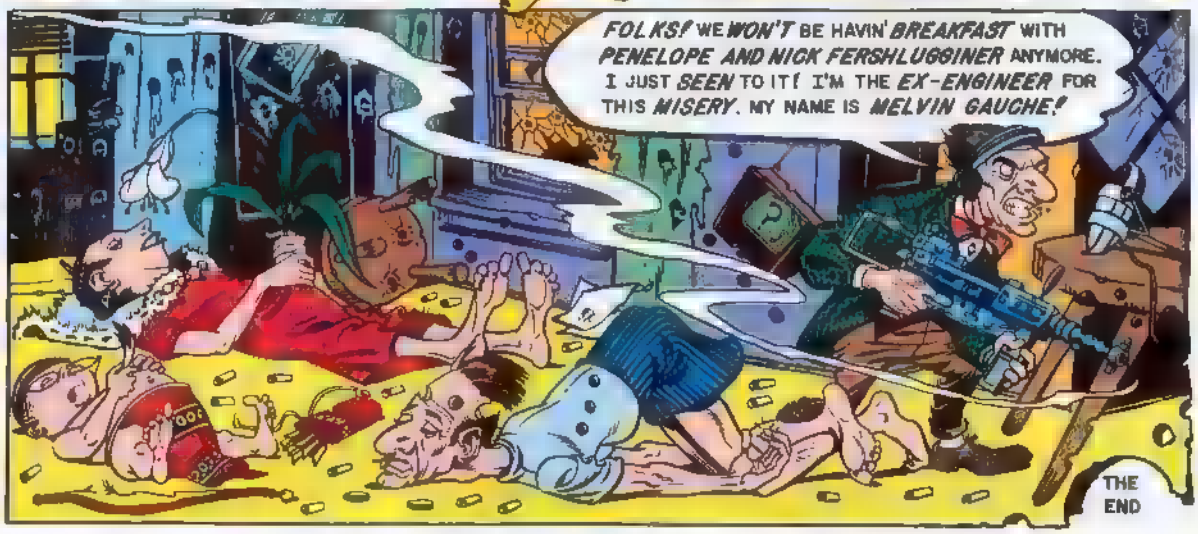
FOR THREE YEARS NOW, EVERY MORNING I GET UP BEFORE DAWN! FOUR... MAYBE FOUR-THIRTY IN THE MORNING!
PLEASE! WE'RE ON THE AIR! ISN'T THERE A UNION THAT TAKES CARE OF YOUR HOURS...?


I DRIVE THE TRUCK LOADED WITH EQUIPMENT FIFTY... MAYBE SIXTY MILES OUT HERE...
IT WOULD PAY YOU TO MOVE CLOSER! I KNOW A LITTLE HOUSE FOR SALE... FOR ONLY SIXTY-FIVE THOUSAND...

THEN I SET THE EQUIPMENT UP! TAKES ME TWO... MAYBE THREE HOURS TO SET EVERYTHING UP!
PERHAPS THERE ARE SCHOOLS...
BLESS OUR MORTGAGE HOME

AFTER THE PROGRAM I TAKE ALL THE EQUIPMENT DOWN AND PUT IT BACK IN THE TRUCK AND DRIVE HOME! ALL IN ALL, I WORK EIGHT... MAYBE NINE HOURS ON THIS SHOW...
WELL WE COULDN'T HAVE THE EQUIPMENT CLUTTERING UP THE PLACE.

AND FOR WHAT!? FOR WHAT!? SO YOU CAN SAY THIS IS GAUCHE... AND THAT'S GAUCHE... AND THE OTHER THING IS GAUCHE! GAUCHE... GAUCHE... EVERYTHING IS GAUCHE!
I'M SICK OF IT, DO YOU HEAR? SICK OF IT! SIC KOV VIT!
NICK! HE'S GOT A GUN!

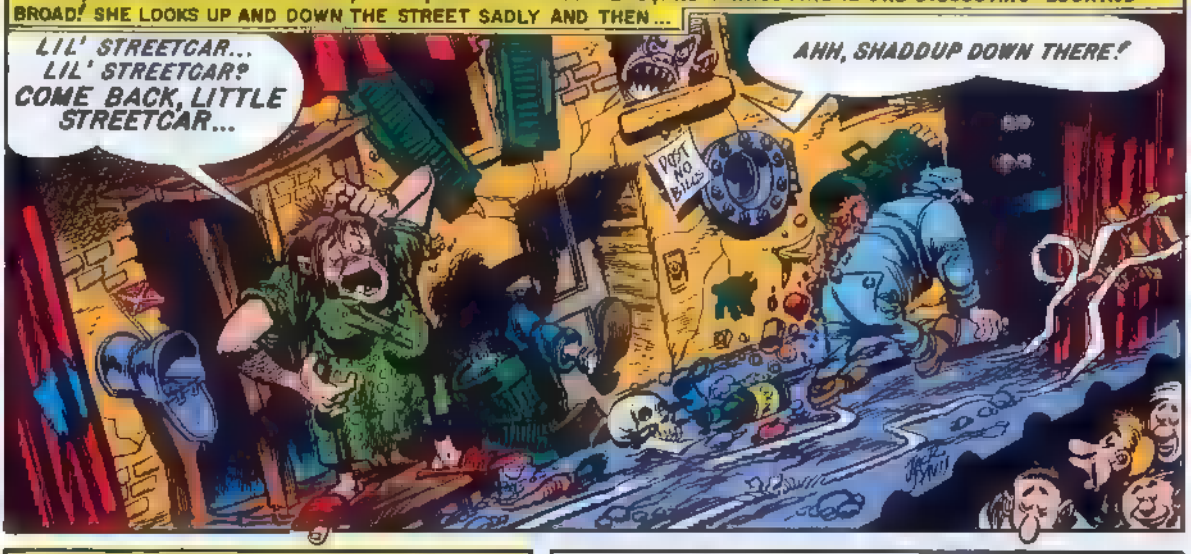

FOLKS! WE WON'T BE HAVIN' BREAKFAST WITH PENELOPE AND NICK FERSHLUGGINER ANYMORE. I JUST SEEN TO IT! I'M THE EX-ENGINEER FOR THIS MISERY. MY NAME IS MELVIN GAUCHE!
THE END

THE BROADWAY STAGE DEPT. (DEPRESSING DRAMAS DIVISION): PANIC MAGAZINE TAKES PLEASURE IN PRESENTING ITS COMPOSITE IMPRESSION OF WHAT'S THRILLING LEGITIMATE THEATER-GOERS THESE DAYS. EITHER IT'S A GAY HAPPY SONG FEST WITH NO PLOT BY HAMMERS AND ROGERSTEIN...OR IT'S *THIS* KIND OF MISERY. SO GET READY TO MAKE OUT YOUR WILL. TELL THE TAXI DRIVER TO WAIT SO THAT AFTER THE PLAY HE CAN DRIVE YOU TO THE NEAREST BRIDGE, BECAUSE YOU AREN'T GOING TO WANT TO GO ON LIVING. TAKE YOUR FOURTH ROW CENTER ORCHESTRA SEAT, AND STEEL YOURSELF FOR...

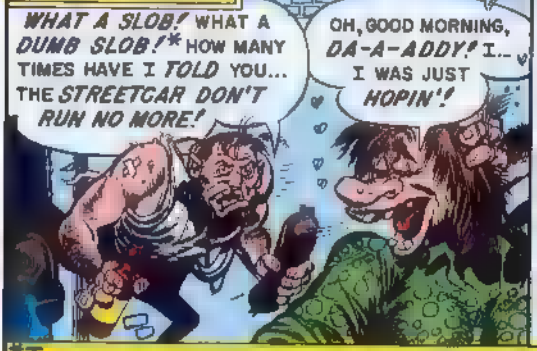
COME BACK LITTLE STREETCAR!

A DISMAL PLAY IN THREE MOROSE ACTS BY TENNESSYRINGE MILLER.

ACT I: THE ENTIRE ACTION OF THIS PLAY TAKES PLACE ON THE FIRST TWO FLOORS OF A DREARY TENEMENT ON LOWER BASIN STREET IN BROOKLYN. OUTSIDE IN THE GUTTER, WE CAN SEE RUSTING, PARTIALLY PAVED-OVER TROLLEY CAR TRACKS. THE PAVED-OVER BUSINESS HAS SOME OBSCURE SIGNIFICANCE WHICH GOES COMPLETELY OVER EVERYBODY'S HEAD. AS THE CURTAIN RISES, WE SEE THAT IT IS MORNING. A GARBAGE MAN CROSSES THE STAGE, STOPPING AT EACH DOOR TO DELIVER GARBAGE. LOLA KOWALSKI COMES OUT ONTO THE LITTER-STREWN STOOP, YAWNS, SCRATCHES HER STOMACH, YAWNS, SCRATCHES HER HEAD, AND YAWNS. THIS IS ONE DISGUSTING-LOOKING BROAD! SHE LOOKS UP AND DOWN THE STREET SADLY AND THEN...



LOLA'S HUSBAND, DOC STANLEY, AN ALCOHOLIC VETERINARIAN, STAGGERS OUT OF THE TENEMENT AFTER LOLA. HE CARRIES A BOTTLE IN ONE HAND, A SALOMI IN THE OTHER. HIS UNDERSHIRT IS RIPPED TO SHREDS...



*THIS IS ONLY AN *IMPRESSION* OF WHAT DOC STANLEY IS SAYING. ACTUALLY, NO ONE IN THE AUDIENCE CAN UNDERSTAND A *WORD*. HE *MUMBLES*...

DOC STANLEY STAGGERS INSIDE AND LOLA TURNS AND LOOKS UP THE STREET WISTFULLY. NOW WE GET THE PICTURE. THE DAY THE STREETCAR STOPPED RUNNING WAS THE DAY LOLA'S HAPPY MARRIAGE CAME TO AN END...
LIL' STREET-CAR. COME BACK, LIL' STREETCAR... NNNGG!
DUMB SLOB!
DOC HAS KNOCKED LOLA UNCONSCIOUS WITH THE SALOMI AND DRAGGED HER INTO THE TENEMENT. THEN, A CLEVER PIECE OF SET DESIGNING... THE ENTIRE FRONT OF THE TENEMENT CRASHES DOWN INTO THE AUDIENCE...
...AND WE CAN SEE THE INTERIOR OF THE KOWALSKI FLAT. LOLA PUTTERS BEFORE A STOVE HUMMING SOFTLY. DOC STANLEY STUFFS SALOMI AND EGGS INTO HIS MOUTH PIGISHLY...
Y'KNOW...I HAD THAT DREAM AGAIN LAST NIGHT, DA-A-A-A-A-ADDY!
CHOMP... CHOMP...
I DREAMT I HEARD THE BELL, AGAIN... COMIN' DOWN BASIN STREET! DING-DONG! DING-DONG!
I'M THROUGH! CLEAN UP!
THEN SHE CAME BY! RED... WITH A YELLOW ROOF! MY STREETCAR!
I SAID CLEAR THE TABLE, YOU SLOB!
AND THEN SHE STOPPED... RIGHT OUT IN FRONT... AND I GOT IN...
ARE YOU GONNA CLEAR THE TABLE?
AND SHE WENT DING-DONG... OH, CLEAR IT YOURSELF!
YOU WANT ME TO CLEAR IT? YOU WANT ME TO CLEAR THE TABLE? ALL RIGHT! I'LL CLEAR THE TABLE! WATCH ME CLEAR THE TABLE. JUST WATCH!
DOC STANLEY PICKS UP THE TABLE WITH ALL THE DISHES AND SILVERWARE AND SOPPING SALOMI AND EGGS AND FLINGS IT INTO THE AUDIENCE...
THERE! NOW I CLEARED THE TABLE!
YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING AGAIN, DADDY! YOU PROMISED..

AS ENTERPRISING YOUNG HOPEFULS SCURRY THROUGH THE AUDIENCE SELLING KLEENEX, DOC STANLEY TURNS TO LOLA, SNEERING...

SO I'VE BEEN *DRINKING* AGAIN! *SO WHAT!* LOOK AT YOU! JUST LOOK AT YOU! WHAT A SLOB!

YOU *USED* TO THINK I WAS *PRETTY*, DA-A-A-A-A-DDY! BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE *STREETCAR STOPPED* RUNNING!

KLEENEX 50¢

YOU MEAN THAT WAS BEFORE YOUR *SISTER* MOVED UP-STAIRS AND STARTED *FOOLIN' AROUND* WITH ALL THE BOYS ON THE BLOCK WHILE POOR *WILLIE* WAS OUT ON THE ROAD, *BREAKIN' HIS BACK* WITH THOSE *HEAVY SAMPLE CASES*.

WELL, JUST BECAUSE *BLANCHE* FOOLED AROUND WITH ALL THE BOYS ON THE BLOCK WAS *NO* REASON FOR *YOU* LETTIN' HER FOOL AROUND WITH *YOU!*

WHY NOT? I'M ONE OF THE BOYS!

NOW WE SEE! THAT'S WHY LOLA THE SLOB CRIES FOR THE STREET-CAR TO COME BACK. SHE WANTS IT SHOULD TAKE BLANCHE AWAY SO DOC STANLEY WILL BE NICE TO HER ONCE MORE INSTEAD OF SLAMMIN' HER AROUND LIKE HE'S DOIN' NOW...

GET OUT OF MY SIGHT, YOU DUMB SLOB...

OOWWWWW! (PSST! NOT SO HARD, JERK! IT'S ONLY A PLAY!)

LOLA RUSHES UPSTAIRS TO HER SISTER'S FLAT. WILLIE IS THERE SITTING ON HIS SAMPLE CASES LOOKING UP AT A TALL DARK MAN...

HE HIT ME AGAIN, BLANCHE! HE...

SHHH! WILLIE'S GOT *COMPANY*, LOLA! *SHHH!*

WHAT'S THE SECRET, BEN?

HOW'D YUH *DO* IT? TELL ME THE *SECRET*, BEN. HOW'D YUH *DO* IT?

I WENT INTO THE *JUNGLE* WITH MY *BARE HANDS*, WILLIE... *WITH MY BARE HANDS*... AND WHEN I CAME *OUT*... I WAS *RICH!*

WHO'S *HE*, BLANCHE?

THAT'S *WILLIE'S MILLIONAIRE BROTHER* BEN. HE'S A *PICKPOCKET!*

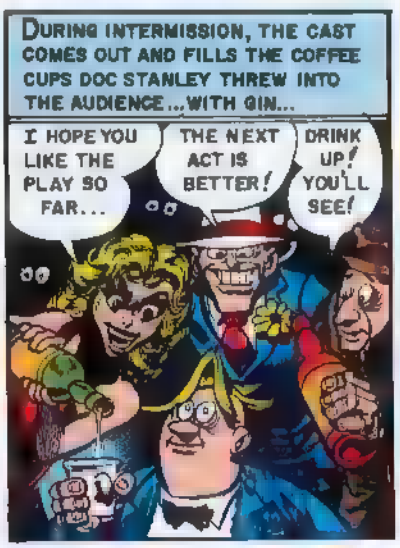
HEY, LOLA! C'MON DOWN! LOLA!

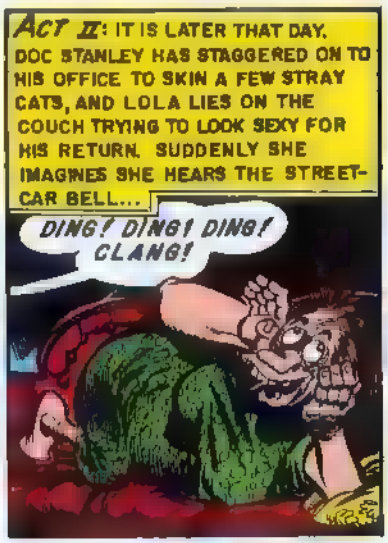
WELL, DOC STANLEY IS *CALLIN'* ME, BLANCHE! YOU KNOW WHAT IT *MEANS* WHEN HE CALLS ME LIKE THAT!

DON'T GO, LOLA! DON'T *DO IT!* AFTER HE GETS WHAT HE *WANTS*, HE'LL *BEAT YOU UP AGAIN! DON'T GO!*

I CAN'T *HELP* IT, BLANCHE! I'VE *GOT* TO GO! *I'M A SLOB!*

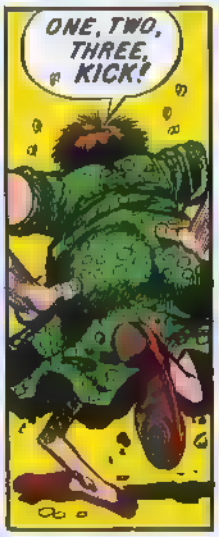
FROM SOMEWHERE WE HEAR THE DRAGNET THEME... *DUM-DA-DA-DUM*... AND THE CURTAIN FALLS.

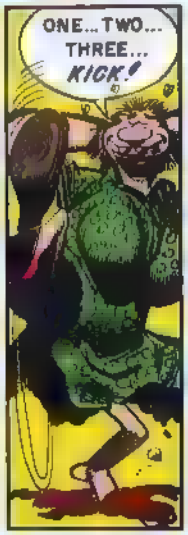

DURING INTERMISSION, THE CAST COMES OUT AND FILLS THE COFFEE CUPS DOC STANLEY THREW INTO THE AUDIENCE...WITH GIN...
I HOPE YOU LIKE THE PLAY SO FAR...
THE NEXT ACT IS BETTER!
DRINK UP! YOU'LL SEE!

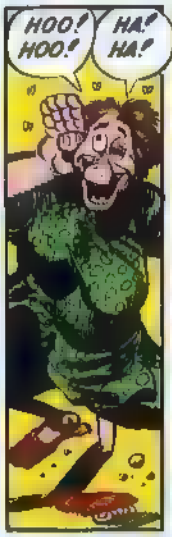

ACT II: IT IS LATER THAT DAY. DOC STANLEY HAS STAGGERED ON TO HIS OFFICE TO SKIN A FEW STRAY CATS, AND LOLA LIES ON THE COUCH TRYING TO LOOK SEXY FOR HIS RETURN. SUDDENLY SHE IMAGINES SHE HEARS THE STREET-CAR BELL...
DING! DING! DING! CLANG!

THE STREETCAR BELL COMING CLOSER...CHIMING A SEXY RHYTHM..
DING! DING! DING! CLANG!

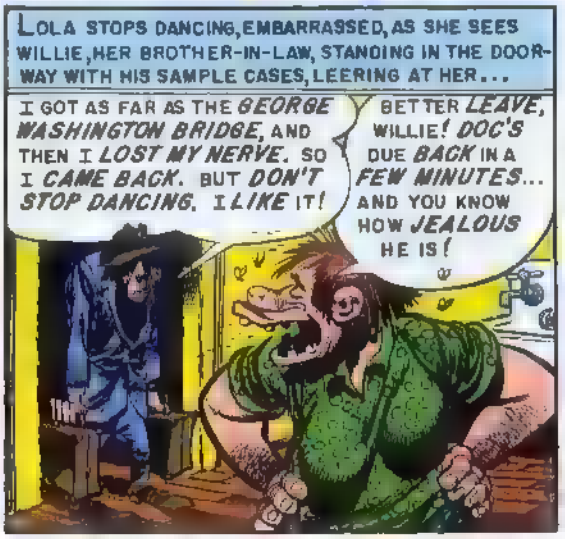
LOLA GETS UP FROM THE COUCH AND BEGINS TO DO A SEXY DANCE...
DING, DING, DING, CLANG!
ONE, TWO, THREE, KICK!


ONE, TWO, THREE, KICK!


ONE...TWO... THREE... KICK!


HOO! HOO!
HA! HA!

STRANGE THINGS ARE HAPPENING!


LOLA STOPS DANCING, EMBARRASSED, AS SHE SEES WILLIE, HER BROTHER-IN-LAW, STANDING IN THE DOOR-WAY WITH HIS SAMPLE CASES, LEERING AT HER...
I GOT AS FAR AS THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE, AND THEN I LOST MY NERVE. SO I CAME BACK. BUT DON'T STOP DANCING. I LIKE IT!
BETTER LEAVE, WILLIE! DOC'S DUE BACK IN A FEW MINUTES... AND YOU KNOW HOW JEALOUS HE IS!

WILLIE ADVANCES TOWARD HER...
I JUST WANT TO TRY OUT MY NEW PRODUCT, LOLA! TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF IT! LOOK! TWO-TONE TOOTHBRUSHES... RED AND GREEN...FOR PEOPLE TO GIVE NEXT CHRISTMAS... TO PEOPLE WHO HAVE BLEEDING GUMS AND USE CHLOROPHYLL TOOTH PASTE...
IT'S VERY NICE, WILLIE. YOU OUGHT TO SLAY 'EM IN BOSTON WITH THAT ITEM. NOW, WHY DON'T YOU...

WILLIE IS BRUSHING LOLA'S TEETH, WHEN DOC COMES IN DEAD DRUNK...

SHO!...

DA-A-A-A-A-A-ADDY!

GULP!

DOC STANLEY PULLS OUT A SWITCH KNIFE...

WHA' SLOB! WHA' DUM' SLOB!

WILLIE! HE... HE'S GOT A KNIFE...

'BYE!

WILLIE GRABS HIS SAMPLE CASES AND RUNS LIKE CRAZY. DOC STANLEY COMES AT LOLA SLOWLY...

FOOL 'ROUND WHEN M' BACK ISH TURNED, EH? SHLOB!

WAIT, DADDY! YOU'RE WRONG! HE WAS JUST BRUSHING MY TEETH WITH A NEW TOOTH-BRUSH HE'S SELLIN'!

HE BRANDISHES THE SWITCH KNIFE...

DON' LIE T'ME! YOU AIN'T BRUSHED YOUR TEETH IN SIX YEARS... NOT SHINCE THAT SHTREETCAR...

WAIT, DADDY! LISTEN! IT'S COMIN'! THE STREETCAR! LISTEN!

FAR OFF, WE HEAR A DISTANT CLANGING BELL. DOC STOPS, WITH THE KNIFE RIGHT AGAINST LOLA'S NECK...

DING... DING... DING... DING... DING... DING...

IT CAN'T BE! IT CAN'T!

BUT IT IS, DADDY!

DOC TURNS BACK TO LOLA...

YOU AIN'T GONNA TRICK ME, YOU SLOB. SHTREETCAR OR NO SHTREETCAR, I'M SHLITTIN' YOUR THROA'...

IT'S STOPPIN' OUTSIDE, DADDY!

SUDDENLY TWO MEN IN UNIFORM BURST THROUGH THE DOOR. DOC SCREAMS. THEY GRAB HIM...

OKAY BOY! TAKE IT EASY!

COME QUIETLY, NOW.

ARE YOU THE STREETCAR CONDUCTORS? I HEARD THE BELL...

THEY DRAG DOC OUT IN A STRAIGHT-JACKET...

WHAT STREETCAR? WE'RE FROM BELLVIEW. THAT WAS THE AMBULANCE GONG YOU HEARD...

AS THE AMBULANCE DRIVES OFF, LOLA STANDS ON THE PORCH SCREAMING...

COME BACK, LIL' STREETCAR! COME BACK! COME... MMMPH!

A RIPE TOMATO HITS HER AS THE CURTAIN FALLS...

DURING THE INTERMISSION, MEMBERS OF THE CAST PASS OUT SWITCH KNIVES TO THE AUDIENCE.

THIS *THIRD ACT* WILL *KILL* YUH!

...IN CASE YOU WANT TO SLIT YOUR THROAT...

ACT III: IT IS TWO WEEKS LATER. DOC STANLEY HAS BEEN DISCHARGED FROM BELLVIEW'S ALCOHOLIC WARD. HE'S A CHANGED MAN. HE'S PAWNED HIS SWITCH KNIFE, AND WITH THE MONEY HE'S BOUGHT A NEW UNDERSHIRT. IT IS MORNING...

I DIDN'T HEAR YOU CALL FOR THE *STREETCAR* THIS MORNING, LOLA!

NO, DADDY! I AIN'T *GONNA* CALL FOR IT *NO MORE!*

LOLA SPILLS SALOMI AND EGGS IN DOC'S LAP AS SHE LOOKS UP DREAMY-EYED...

WHILE YOU WUZ AWAY, I HAD A *NEW DREAM*, DADDY! I DREAMED I WAS *PASSIN' A JUNK-YARD*...

WATCH IT...

SHE POURS COFFEE ON HIS HAIR AS SHE GOES ON...

...AND I *SAW* MY *LIL' STREETCAR*... IN AMONG THE MAXWELLS...

WATCH IT, LOLA...

SSSSSS

...SPOONS OUT SUGAR ON DOC'S SOPPING HEAD...

SHE WAS NOTHIN' BUT *JUNK*, DA-A-A-ADDY! *JUS' JUNK!* SHE AIN'T *NEVER* COMIN' BACK! *NEVER!*

WATCH IT, YOU SLOB...

...THEN POURS THE CREAM...

SO I AIN'T *NEVER* GONNA CALL FOR THE STREETCAR *NO MORE*...

WHAT A DUMB SLOB!

S'MATTER, DADDY? AIN'T YUH *GLAD* I AIN'T GONNA CALL FOR THE STREET-CAR ANYMORE?...

WHERE'S THE BOTTLE?

DADDY! THEY'LL *TAKE YOU AWAY* AGAIN. AND THEY WON'T *EVER* LET YOU COME BACK! *DADDY!*

YOU GOT THE *RIGHT IDEA*... YOU *SLOB!*

YE OLE TRO'T GUT

DOC FINDS THE BOTTLE. HE'S ABOUT TO DRINK WHEN...

DING-DING! DING-DING!

LISTEN DADDY! *LISTEN!*

HUH?

AT THIS POINT, A CLEVER PIECE OF STAGE DESIGNING ALLOWS THE STREETCAR TO CLANG UP THE LEFT AISLE OF THE THEATER...

LOOK, DADDY! THIS TIME IT *IS* THE STREETCAR! *IT IS!*

I GOT THE *D.T.'S!* *THAT'S* WHAT IT IS!

DOC FLINGS THE BOTTLE AT THE STREETCAR AS IT SMASHES THROUGH THEIR LIVING ROOM WALL...

LIL' STREETCAR! LIL' STREETCAR! YOU'VE COME BACK!

SOME DUMB KIDS PAVED OVER THEM TRACKS, SAM!

BLANCHE COMES DOWN DRAGGING WILLIE AND HIS SAMPLE CASES...

DARN FOOL KIDS!

WHERE'RE YOU AN' WILLIE GOIN', BLANCHE?

WHY, WE'RE TAKIN' THE *STREETCAR,* LOLA! ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU *WANTED?*

GOLLY, NO! THAT'S NOT WHAT I WANTED!

THEN *WHY IN HECK* HAVE YOU BEEN *CRYING* FOR A *STREETCAR* EVERY MORNIN' FOR THE LAST SIX YEARS?

ONE OF 'EM WAS WEARIN' AN E.C. BUTTON, SAM.

I'VE BEEN *DYIN'* T' GO *DOWNTOWN,* DADDY! THEY GOT A *NEW PICTURE* AT THE *BIJOU*...NAME OF *MOGAMBO!*

SORRY, LADY! *THIS* AIN'T NO *DOWNTOWN STREETCAR...*

...THIS IS AN *UPTOWN* STREETCAR!

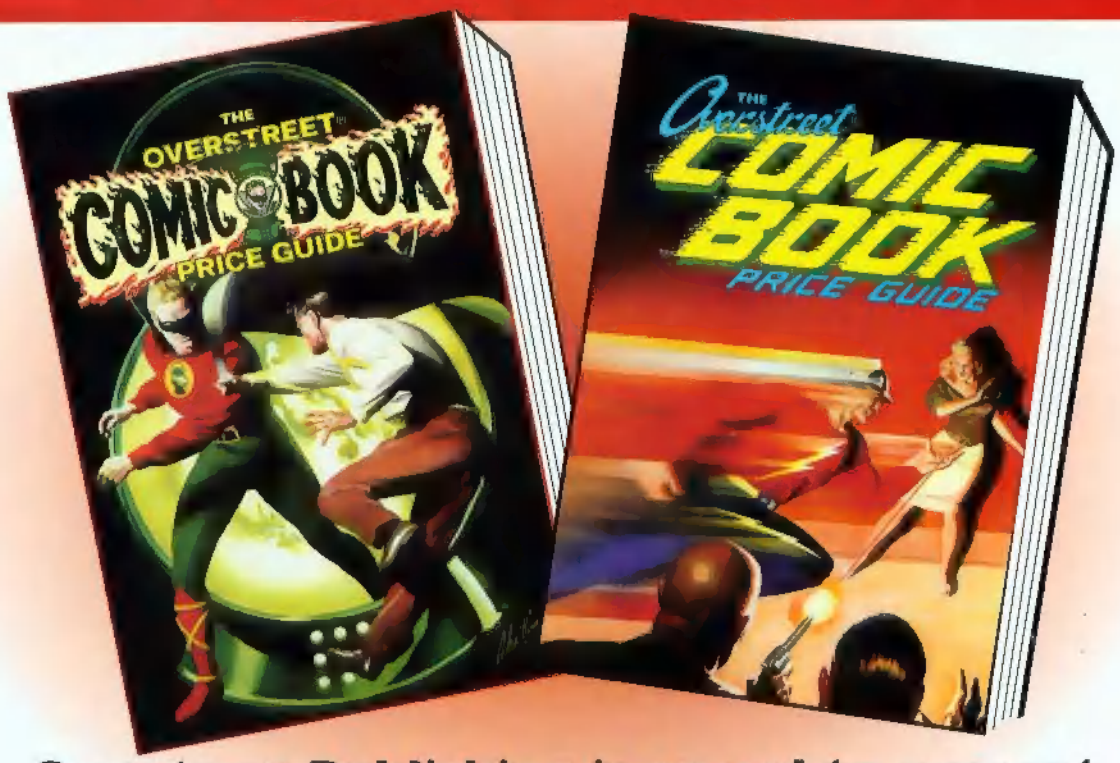
LET'S GO, SAM...

DING-DING! DING-DING...

THE CURTAIN FALLS ON THIS DREARY NOTE. DOC IS LICKING UP THE SPILLED WHISKEY, GETTING DRUNK AGAIN. WILLIE IS OFF ON A NEW ROAD TRIP, SELLING SAMPLE CASES. BLANCHE IS FOOLING AROUND WITH ONE OF THE GUYS ON THE THIRD FLOOR, AND LOLA HAS RUN OFF WITH THE STREETCAR MOTORMAN.

—THE END—

It's a whole new meaning to "Double Guide!"



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